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I Don't Want To Die

*By
Glenn Clausen*

The doctor put his hand on my stomach and exerted a gentle downward pressure. This was the third in a series of sober faced doctors to pop into the room and push and probe my swollen stomach. Each time they were rewarded with a sound like that slurping noise made by a soda drinker anxious to drain the last drop from his glass. I laughed. I looked like a pregnant woman and when played properly my bulging stomach responded with a harmonious gurgle. The doctor looked up when he heard my laugh. He gave me a puzzled glance, rubbed his chin, and left the room.

Unfortunately for me, the doctor was one of those persons who

insist on having the last laugh. He collectetd his two fellow probers and all three of them re-entered the room. I stopped staring at the fascinating travels of the globules of blood and glucose as they made their ponderous journey from the bottles over my head into my arms. I looked into three sad faces. Being naturally sympathetic, I began to feel sad too.

The chief prober, using that "man to man" tone commonly used by elders when they wish to inform the innocent youth, said, "Ah . . . Glenn, we've . . . You're hemorrhaging internally. We have to operate within the next few hours."

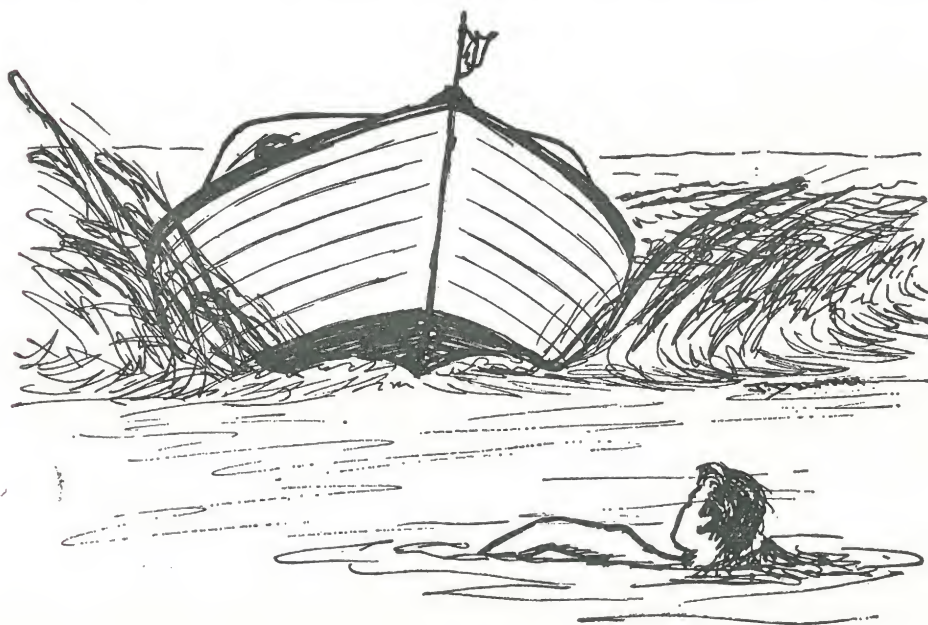
Naively I asked, "What happens if you don't?"

"Then, you will die. If we don't operate you will die and even if

we do there is always the possibility."

That last sentence did it. The doctor's words drifted into my drugged mind and knocked the props out of my rose scented, weightless, numb world. The five broken ribs on my left side started to throb in incessant chorus. The four inch cut on my back burned and itched alternately. The cut under my left arm tried heroically to throb in tune to the now maddening flow of blood and glucose into my body. To top it off I felt nauseated and broke out in a cold sweat. I was really scared for the first time since the accident. Damn it, I was too young to die. At seventeen, I just didn't feel ready to leave the troubled world to my betters.

Three days earlier I had decided



to go swimming in Shaefer lake, Monticello, Indiana. It was the first week in May and although the sun was hot the ice blue water was as cold as it looked. I was about 150 yards out in the lake in twenty feet of water and heading toward shore when I heard a muffled roar.

I took my head out of the water just in time to see the white prow of a Chris-Craft bounce off the water and come hurtling down on me. There was a crescendo of sound and pain. My ribs cracked like rotten twigs. Colors flashed before my blood-blurred eyes. Black, red, white. Blinding multi-colored flashes. The propeller sliced through my flesh like a scalpel. There was one final downward thrust. I tumbled toward the bottom. The saline taste of blood and the bitter acid taste of fear mingled in my mouth.

After what seemed an eternity I broke the surface and gulped in great quantities of oxygen. It was a tremendous effort to breathe. I couldn't move my left arm and I couldn't feel anything in my left leg. Blood poured out of a cut on my face and blurred my vision.

Somehow, I managed to climb in the boat that had hit me. It was piloted by a thirteen year old kid. He took me to shore. A half hour later I was on my way to the White County Memorial Hospital.

I remember saying a few "Hail Marys" in the ambulance. I guess I messed it up pretty well—bleed-

ing and all. There was a four hour session in the emergency and X-ray rooms. It didn't hurt too much. I just felt tired and numb. And hungry. Man, was I hungry. After they had wheeled me into my room, I asked for something to eat. They gave me crackers and juice of some kind. I felt well enough to ask if I could leave the hospital the next day. As it turned out that was my last regular food for two weeks, and I was going to be in the hospital almost a whole month.

Early the next morning they had to begin giving me shots for the pain. One shot every hour. All my bodily functions stopped. They started giving me blood and feeding me intravenously. I was one mass of holes between the shots and the tubes. For a while I even imagined, in my semi-conscious state, that each time a new needle punctured my skin air leaked out. I swore up and down that I was leaking like a punctured inner-tube but the nurses never did believe me, I'm afraid.

Now, these three doctors in green surgical uniform were telling me that my life depended on their skill. I asked if they could wait until my parents could make the 100 mile trip from Chicago.

"Afraid not. We'll call them up."

"Could you get a priest for me? I want to go to Confession."

"Fr. Schaefer is on his way now. He might make it in time."

With that last remark the doc-

tors marched out of the room. A nurse came in with a huge hypodermic needle. I guess I looked pretty miserable. She asked, "Do you feel like crying? Go ahead! I'll stay with you."

I cried. She held my hand. It felt good to cry. Finally, I stopped—I asked myself why it had to be me? Why not some old coot who didn't give a damn?

An orderly came in to prepare me for the operation. The pentothal had done a good job. I didn't even feel any pain when the bandages were pulled off.

Fr. Schaefer pushed the accelerator down to the floor and arrived in time to get one last crack at saving my soul. Or so I thought, as he heard my confession. He had everything ready to give me the last rites of the Church. It was funny; I had never been very religious but somehow when he said, "If you do die, I'll make sure you go to the right place," I knew that everything was going to be all right, even if I did die. I wasn't afraid anymore. Maybe it was God

and religion? Maybe it was science and drugs? Who knows? All I know is that I wasn't scared anymore.

They wheeled me down the hall toward the operating room. Fr. Schaefer had pinned the relics of St. Gaspar on my chest. I mumbled a few prayers as I looked at the relic through fogged eyes.

The doors of the operating room swung open. A voice came from a green blur: "Put out your right arm! Count backward from twenty."

"Twenty, nineteen, eighteen, sev . . ." The bright lights of the operating room dimmed and soon I was smelling roses and floating in a painless world of pleasure.

Twenty-two hours after the last stitch was tied, I opened my eyes. I was in my room again. My mother was sitting by my bedside. Nature was awakening too and outside my window I could see fresh green life basking under the Spring sun. It was good to be alive.

ARCHIBALD

Walt Whitman, who wrote the first distinctively American poetry, died in 1892. And in 1892 Archibald MacLeish, who produced the first, great, distinctively American dramatic poetry, was born. After forty years of potentials and pot-boilers, MacLeish wrote the powerful "J. B.," thereby securing his name in the annals of American literature.

By
William
Walsh

"J. B." is an ingenious combination of contemporary particulars and ancient universals. The lines are the most dramatic and poetic representation of American dialogue heard on Broadway since Maxwell Anderson. Typically contemporary situations confront typically American characters, yet the theme and subject matter are in no way unlike the ancient Greek tragedies or perhaps even the medieval morality plays. The everlasting conflict between the human and divine underlined every Athenian tragedy; the stories of sacred scripture supported the drama of the Middle Ages. And now, in the twentieth century, a sixty-five year old poet looks at the suffering and pain of his own generation and seeks an answer. MacLeish never really expressed himself satisfactorily in his first-person lyrics, nor in his Pulitzer Prize winning third-person narratives. Many great poets have turned ultimately to the multiple first person of the drama, and Archibald MacLeish finally realized his potentiality with "J. B."

MacLeish treats the first half of his twentieth century. In this half-century, how has God dealt with man? Two unheard of World Wars sandwiched a decade of economic collapse, and thus stimulated universal suffering, leaving mankind with a sidewalk of eggshells for hope in the future. Why? And how is man to respond to this world in which he finds himself? MacLeish found a pos-

sible parallel in the book of Job, and thus he made his protagonist, "J. B.," a counterpart of the suffering servant.

MacLeish constructed "J. B." in modernistic symbolism with an abandoned circus ring setting and two old circus vendors, Mr. Zuss (Zeus) and Nickles (Old Nick) as the indispensable commentators, who also fill the role of a Grecian chorus. Mr. Zuss and Nickles are frustrated actors, and when they find the tent deserted after a show, they dig out masks of Satan and God and begin to play the story of Job. Where is Job? Oh, there is always some one ready to take this part.

As the center ring is lit, J. B. and his family appear at a Thanksgiving Day table. J. B. represents the epitome of the twentieth century success. He is president of a bank, respected in his community, and loved by his wife Sarah and by his five young children. We also learn immediately that J. B. is a very devout, God-fearing man.

As with biblical Job, Mr. Zuss and Nickles oversee, comment on, and instigate the action of the play. Quickly a sequence of scenes shows J. B. and Sarah as they loose each of their children. Finally a nuclear explosion destroys J. B.'s bank and leaves him with nothing save his hideous radiation burns. Sarah's faith dissolves and she leaves her husband, but he will not turn on God. Desperately, he questions his guilt:

If I knew! If I knew why!
What can't bear is . . .
The blindness . . .
Meaninglessness . . .
The numb blow . . .

Fallen in the stumbling night.

From Scripture, came the comforters—of a twentieth century variety. What does modern man offer bewildered victims? Marx? The first comforter tells J. B. he has no guilt; he is merely a victim of a society evolved from false principles. Come the revolution . . . Freud? Comforter the second says there is no guilt, save that

which man creates in his mind. Church? The final comforter says that since he is human, he is a sinner and deserving of the Wrath of God. These comforters leave J. B. with empty words. He finds more comfort with a group of fellow wretches, who give him warmth and kindness.

Finally Mr. Zuss confronts J. B. with the awesome power of God, and compares it to the worthlessness of man, but J. B. does not resign himself, as Job did, to a blind and complete faith and confidence in the Almighty Will. J. B. seeks



his consolation in a faith and hope in human love.

The conclusion is controversial—even dangerous. Yet MacLeish does not deny the supreme authority and government of God. He says that when man is faced with sensible problems and sensible misery, he must seek a more immediate compensation. Human nature is not such that it can bear all things with only a trust in a non-sensible God. This trust should be ultimate, but MacLeish suggests a natural faith, hope, and charity as a proximate support of this ultimate trust. Believe, trust, and love one another.

Before "J. B.," MacLeish had had a rather prolific, second-rate career. Most of his work was in the Eliot-Pound tradition, yet he never lost a very Americanistic hope (optimism) which his alienated peers would not even consider. He won the Pulitzer Prize in 1925 for a narrative called "Pot of Earth." It is a poem of death and subsequent fertility; hope is the theme. A book length narrative in 1932 called "The Conquistadors" won him his second Pulitzer. Yet critical opinion of the bulk of MacLeish poetry was that it is promising but not great. Perhaps the shadows of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound cooled the MacLeish genius. It was with his third Pulitzer, "J. B.," when he fused poetry and drama for the first time successfully in America, (Anderson's "Winterset" was in verse; Eliot wrote poetry for the stage, but

this was the first real poetic drama) that Archibald MacLeish established himself in American literature.

A string of topical radio plays, speeches for prominent political figures, and various positions with the government, such as Librarian of Congress and Assistant Secretary of State, kept MacLeish and his family alive in this society that will not support a poet. He had had a full and active sixty-five years before he summed up his poetic power with "J. B." We cannot expect too much of a future for the man.

Since "J. B.," a MacLeish play has appeared on television last fall. This short prose work, called "The Secrets of Freedom," might well be an older radio script reworked. The play tries to deal with the retrogression in the spirit of America. MacLeish condemns shellism, that decayed tendency of so many Americans to look out for themselves at all cost, ignoring any responsibility to other men. "Sure I voted against the school bill. Taxes are high enough already. Hell! I never even went to high school!" (grin) To answer this attitude, MacLeish again turns to brotherly faith, hope, and love for freedom and America.

This television play falls into the rest of MacLeish's work, pre "J. B." This year MacLeish is sixty-eight; he may never write another great play. But he has given the American stage a great poetic drama.

DECISION

By

Martin Waters

Josh was on a cloud. He strolled leisurely in the direction of Joe's candy store, oblivious to the narrow, littered street and the decrepit, empty trash cans which lined the sidewalk. He paid little heed to the older folks who lined the stoops in front of the five story tenements he knew so well. They gathered in front of those glum buildings each evening to discuss the events of the day, none of which ever interested Josh very much. The drone of their voices seemed to come from a long distance that night as he walked dreamily past their reviewing stand occasionally nodding "Hello" to a neighbor or acquaintance.

He didn't stop to talk to any of them even though he was bursting to tell his wonderful news to someone. His news was not for their ears. First he had to tell the gang and then Cindy.

The thought of telling Cindy frightened him. How would she react? She would probably be happy for him, but she still had two years of school left—at home in the city. Maybe she wouldn't like the idea. Maybe she wouldn't wait. She had to. He needed her! He thought of their meeting at a "Y" dance, and how impressed she was when he told her he was on the track team—and a letter man at that. He felt free and easy with her right at the start, and he wasted no time asking her for a date. She was popular; this worried Josh occasionally, but he passed it off as a healthy sign and would do so as long as he monopolized her attention. Up to now this had entailed no great problems, but things might change next September—that is, if he took the scholarship. It was a great opportunity, and his folks would never forgive him if he stayed home—just for a girl. But he loved her; he was sure of it. Besides, a lot of guys went to college and didn't make out too well. He didn't like to study that much anyway.

But even if he didn't get good marks, he might be able to make a name for himself—maybe even run in the Olympics. How wonderful that would be! Josh Wilson—a world famous athlete. He

pictured himself nattily dressed in a blue blazer and a red, white and blue tie, signing autographs. He roused himself from his daydream, "Hell, I ain't that good, else I'da got somethin' from one of the schools in the city." Before his mood could change again, he reached the candy store—a spot which, to him, seemed full of life and activity—especially in the spring.

Josh liked this interlude between getting out of the house after dinner and seeing Cindy—sometimes till too late at night. He could "shoot the breeze" with the guys about sports, which was something he did not do with Cindy. But tonight he especially relished it. He really had something to talk about.

A group of his friends were standing out on the sidewalk. Josh could see Sam leading an animated discussion which was occasionally punctuated by laughter on the part of his listeners. Sam usually dominated any conversation he was in, and he seemed to Josh to be particularly adroit at making himself the subject of that conversation. "But not t'night! T'night's my night," thought Josh.

"Hi, guys," said Josh, grinning from ear to ear.

Appropriately, Sam spoke first, "Man, would ya look at them teeth! Have you been smokin' reefers, or did Cindy ask ya ta marry 'er? The last time I saw you smile like that was when ya took second in the city track meet—

just before ya barfed."

There were a few chuckles at this, and then silence as the boys waited for a reply.

"The smile was for you, Sam. I'm practicing kindness to all lower creatures this week, and I figure that since you're the lowest, you ought to get the biggest smile."

"Man, I wouldn't talk much if I was you . . ."

"Man, if you was anybody else, you wouldn't talk as much as you do." The laughter that followed this statement was considerable, and it encouraged Josh to one last dig: "Man, the way you talk it's no wonder you can never hang on to your mouthpiece."

The laughter that followed this was uncontrollable. This was Sam's weak spot. He was a fairly good amateur boxer, but he had been badly beaten in the one fight which all of his friends had seen. It lasted three rounds, and in each of them Sam had managed to have his mouthpiece knocked out.

Josh saw him searching his mind for a retort, but, satisfied, he decided to call a truce. He grinned again, this time in a more normal manner, and asked, "Do you guys really want to know why I was grinning?" He paused and then blurted, "I got a scholarship to Stanton."

Josh smiled as his friends congratulated him. He enjoyed the attention and cordially answered all questions directed at him. He frowned a little when someone asked him where Stanton was, but

he answered graciously, "About three-hundred miles."

"Ya won't get home much then, huh?" asked Sam. "Did you tell Cindy yet?"

"No, I just found out this afternoon."

"What d'ya think she'll say?"

"Hell, I don't know—I haven't thought about it much," lied Josh. "I suppose it'll be okay with her."

"You'll find out pretty quick though," said Sam, looking straight ahead.

Josh turned around and saw Cindy and four other girls approaching. He referred to her girl friends as the "troops" and occasionally resented the amount of time she spent with them. Cindy was not any prettier than her friends to an impartial observer, but to Josh she appeared as a rare beauty in a plain setting.

Sam called them over and, hands on hips, proudly commanded, "Girls, cast your eyes on a college man." Cutting off an "Oh, how wonderful . . ." He raised his hands, grinned guiltily and added, "Nope—not me." He then pointed to Josh who was searching his brain for something witty to say. He could only smile shyly in acknowledgement.

Squeals of delight filled the soft May air. Though he continued to smile, Josh thought, "Damn idiots. They don't even know what they're happy about." He was also annoyed because none of the 'idiots' had asked him if he had re-

ceived a scholarship. He remembered that when anyone from the neighborhood went to college it was on a scholarship. "Hell, at least they could ask me what it's for and where it's to—I guess they'll get around to it soon enough." He could not wait: "I'm gonna go to Stanton on a track scholarship."

"So who asked ya?" jabbed Sam delightedly at his friend's embarrassment.

Josh couldn't think of a thing to say. He stood silently, looking as though he had been mortally wounded. He felt as if he had been caught attempting to steal money from church.

Cindy came to his rescue: "He only told us because he thought we'd like to know," she said in a "that ends that" tone.

Sam retorted playfully, "Honey, I stand corrected. But please believe me! I only did it because I love ya and I'm tryin' ta win your fair hand."

Cindy blushed, looked at Josh, smiled and then giggled with a complete four girl accompaniment.

Josh fumed, looked at Sam, frowned and then thought of ways to commit the perfect murder.

Sam thoroughly enjoyed the entire proceeding.

At this point Josh suggested a walk in the park to Cindy, who lost no time in accepting. Josh lost less time in saying goodbye to his "rival" and his friends.

They walked hand in hand toward the park. Josh hummed a

tune as Cindy regained her composure. They said nothing, but each time they looked at each other Cindy found it impossible to control a snicker. When they reached the park Josh asked, "Alright, what's so funny—as if I didn't know?"

"Oh, nothin'" was the reply. "I just keep thinkin' of the look on your face when . . ."

"That's enough of that. I had it comin', but that's not too important now . . ."

"What is?" Cindy teased.

"Come on, cut it out. What do you think?"

"Well, I guess I'm glad, but I haven't really figured out why. What are you goin' to do when you get out? My cousin went to college, and he ain't makin' any more money than my dad an' he never even got out of high school."

"Is that all that's worryin' ya?" asked Josh.

"It'll do for a start."

Josh didn't know whether to be happy or sad. "You mean you won't mind not seein' me?"

"Seein' you! What are you talkin' about?"

"Well, I'll only get home a few times a year. Stanton's almost three-hundred miles from here."

"Oh," said Cindy pensively. She did not reply. "Yes. I'll mind . . . Why aren't you goin' to a school in the city?"

"I didn't get a scholarship to any or else I would." Josh paused, anticipating a reply. He received none. Instead she looked away—

guarding against her eyes meeting his. He didn't know what to do. He decided to continue: "It won't be too bad; I'll be home Thanksgiving and Christmas and . . ."

"Oh what do ya want to go to college for anyway?" she blurted. "It doesn't do ya no good anyhow. Ya go for four years; and when ya come out, you're just as broke

as when ya went in. The job ya get ain't gonna pay much anyway, and when they give ya all that bull about that advancement stuff, they ain't talkin' about Negroes. You'll be stuck in some office for the rest of your life workin' for practically nothin.' My cousin' . . ."

"Ta hell with your cousin!



How 'm I gonna make somethin' outta myself if I don't even try? I could get a name for myself runnin' and then there'd be plenty of jobs. What am I gonna get if I don't go?—Nothin' more than I will if I do and probably a hell of a lot less." He stopped: "I'm sorry, Cindy. I'm sorry I talked to ya like that"

"You'd better be sorry! If you think I'm gonna sit at home for four years, you'd better think again. You can have your stupid ol' bracelet back too—right now! I ain't goin' with no boy all summer just so he can leave me when September rolls around."

Each word bludgeoned Josh. This was the worst, but it was not going to be a one sided affair, "Well, y' know you ain't doin' me

no big favor by goin' out with me, Honey. There's quite a few other girls around here who wouldn't complain a bit if I asked them out—even if I was goin' to 'desert' them in September."

"Well you go ahead and ask them. I'll make out okay too. Sam took me out a couple of times—before I was 'lucky' enough to meet you . . ."

Josh had had enough. "Do ya want me ta walk ya home, or can ya 'make out okay' by yourself?"

"I'll be fine." With this Cindy turned and started walking quickly toward the park exit.

Josh watched her go. He wanted to call after her, but he didn't. He was sorry, but he didn't know what for. Besides, he had made up his mind.

The Case For College English

I am prepared to maintain that there is a knowledge worth possessing for what it is, and not merely for what it does.

Newman: *Idea of a University*

I am the product of an age, and my name is Technical Education. If you are a college student, no doubt you are already well acquainted with me, for in all probability I dominate your particular campus. At most schools I am the object of the veneration of faculty and students alike, and this is as it should be for I have delivered

mankind from that impractical waste known as humanities. In the event that you are one of the unenlightened few, perhaps because you have spent the last thirty years in a cave, who still insist upon clinging to the merits of the humanities, I have a proposition for you. Let English represent the humanities. Now, through a comparison of English and a Technical Education, I will demonstrate to you once and for all how utterly ridiculous an education in the humanities is.

The very first argument which the starry-eyed student of English is likely to advance in defense of his chosen field will be some gibberish about how English composition must be thoroughly mastered by anyone who would communicate intelligently with his fellow beings. Now this is something of a ticklish point, because it contains just a grain of truth. Certainly we must be able to communicate through the medium of

By
John
Hancock

the written word, but it hardly seems sensible to worry about such a minor skill to the point of taking an advanced course in composition. A great deal of precision and clarity in writing simply isn't required today, and as evidence I would cite the average scientific journal and the type of book which sociologists delight in turning out. Are these highly intelligent authors, who are extremely concerned with all important details, at all concerned with such trivia as clear expression? Surely they are not. Yet it is evident that these same men occupy a position of honor and respect in society and often draw rather lucrative salaries. I leave the conclusion to you.

After his first argument has been demolished, the English major will invariably attempt to draw some solace from the fact that a course in composition is supposed to afford an individual a much needed exercise in original creation. He will tell you that the cultivation of this creative faculty will later pay dividends in such fields as business, engineering, and science; that countless businessmen, engineers, and scientists attribute much of their success to the application of just the right amount of originality at just the right moment; that, in recognition of these facts, many engineering and scientific schools now require their students to take advantage of writing courses in addition to their regular English re-

quirements.

While all of this may possibly be true, I still maintain that it is so much nonsense. How can it hope to compare with what I have to offer? I promise to teach you to perform a specific function. You will be so highly skilled in this particular function by the time you graduate from college that you will be able to command a salary which will make the humanities major dizzy. Originality, bah!

Being magnanimous by my very nature, I have admitted that these first two arguments contained some small degree of merit, but every time I hear this next argument, which is supposed to justify the study of literature, I find it hard to control myself. What earthly value can anyone possibly derive from lolling about reading fairy tales all day? It's utterly preposterous! Oh, I know, we will be told all about how the extended study of literature disciplines the mind to be both critical and independent; about how the horizon is forever broadening for the student of English because he studies the literature of diverse ages and nations; about how the horizon is forever narrowing for the technical student because his studies become more and more specific as he progresses, and hence he has less and less room for viewing life as a whole. If we are extremely unlucky, we may even be subjected to the nonsense of how there is an analogy between the literature critic and the executive. Just as

an executive must seek out the theme of situations in everyday life, so also the literature critic must seek out the theme of situations in literature which very often mirrors life.

Despite these extensive efforts on the part of our friend from the world of English, all of these arguments may be easily refuted by merely pointing out that there is no great need to discipline the mind to think critically in order to be a success. I train men to perform a particular function with the greatest of ease, and I see no reason why they should be concerned with analyzing all types of situations. Similarly, why should anyone worry about seeing life as a whole when there is work to be done? It's hard enough to learn a specific job without wasting time on the useless. Let each man perform his specific job and not worry about anything else and men will be happy without ever having to wade through Shakespeare, Keats, or Dostoyevsky.

Even though the English major can plainly see that he has yet to come up with a single solid argument, he will insist upon presenting still more evidence to prove conclusively that he has wasted four years in college. Oh well, let him ramble on. Let him tell us how good literature is always universal and hence may be of great utility in one of the most difficult aspects of life — understanding people. This is supposedly true because most college students have

had very little experience with the world—in the sense that their acquaintances usually come from similar economic and social backgrounds, and, as a result, maintain basically the same attitudes and opinions. Literature offers such students the unique opportunity of vicariously experiencing those aspects of life with which they are as yet unacquainted. Through literature the student meets people of entirely different ages and backgrounds; he learns how and why different people behave as they do; he learns to appreciate the other man's position. This "getting out of oneself" may well be one of the most exhilarating and enlightening experiences in which an individual may participate, but again I must ask, of what practical use is it?

I have heard any number of naive English majors say that business and industry are willing to hire them because they have acquired a better than average mastery of the essentials. If a man has disciplined himself to think critically and with originality, if he can express himself with clarity, if he has at least a rudimentary knowledge of the various types of people, then he will be of value to any organization, according to our friend. He will point out that these are the qualities which the college must impart, for industry cannot. Yet, even if it is true that industry can train such an individual to fit its particular needs in a relatively short time, how

much more simple it would have been to merely take up Technical Education in the first place.

The final point, which for some reason our English major never fails to stress, is the most vulnerable argument of them all. He will invariably have the nerve to contend that the fulfillment and richness which the study of Eng-

lish adds to life is the most practical aspect of all; that any study which teaches man to know and appreciate his potentialities as a man is a practical education or no education is practical; that it is precisely in this fulfillment of man's inherent intellectual hunger that the real case for English and all the humanities is to be found.

FOREVER

A frightening gale,
Raucous weather,
A maddening storm—
Forever?

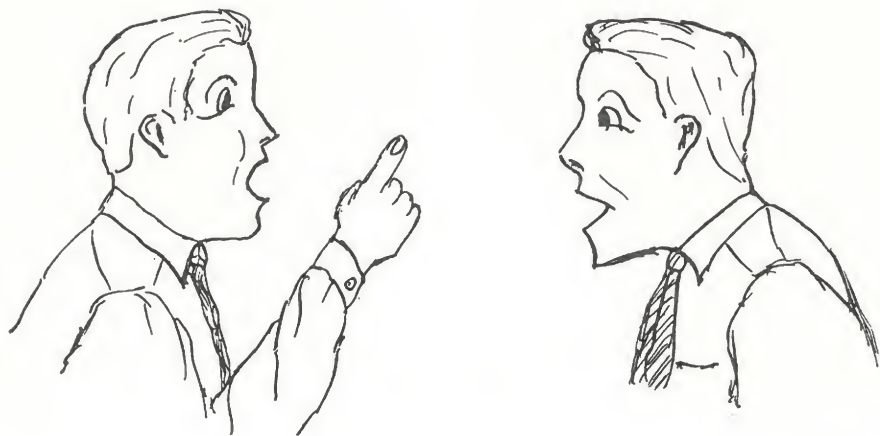
A sprightly dancing raindrop
Strikes the drooping heather,
And sinks to dust below—
Forever?

The soaring stream winds through the woods,
Flowing ever, pausing never,
Rippling, seething, frothing, foaming—
Forever?

And lo, the mighty swarthy watered river,
Gliding slowly, softly as a feather,
Smoothly rolling, groping down to ocean
Forever?

A mist of salty spray on wings of wind
Finds where clouds are put together,
For what unchanged will stay
Forever?

Dan Drew



DEBATE

By
John
Conlon

In recent times the art of debate has come to be looked upon as something of a black art practiced only by unscrupulous lawyers and politicians who desire to distort the truth and to gain an advantage over unsuspecting individuals. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In reality, the art of debate, if put to its proper use, functions as a transmitter of the truth. For example, the man who has all types of brilliant ideas, but who is unable to communicate these ideas and convince others of their worth, finds himself in a sad predicament. He lacks a vehicle for getting his point across and debate could very well be this vehicle.

A value of debate which can never be stressed too strongly is that ability which it imparts to think under pressure. If one is giving an ordinary speech, he is able to memorize it days before he delivers it and everything runs smoothly. In a debate, however, there is always the danger of a challenge from the opposition. Since each opponent that one encounters will have a different approach and a different argument, there simply is no substitute for the ability to think clearly under pressure.

Yet, what does all this mean to the "practical" student? Obviously studies cannot be produced which show that graduates who have participated in debate will earn \$157.40 more per year than the regular college graduate. Des-

pite this lack of definite, tangible proof attesting to the value of debate, I would like to point out a few of the dividends of debate.

The primary object of debate is to make one a better speaker, and this is a dividend which hardly needs justification. Practice is the prime requisite for becoming a better speaker, and there simply is no substitute for getting up in front of a group time after time. In the course of time one will gain that confidence and poise which come only with experience. This poise and confidence will always stand one in good stead, especially at such crucial events as that all-important interview for a job or promotion.

Although it is not immediately apparent, debating creates a better listener. The average person's interest lasts only through the introduction before it is transformed into anticipation of the conclusion. The debater, on the other hand, must be able to effectively attack the arguments of his opponent, and this can be done only if the debater pays the closest attention to his opponent. The alert debater analyzes his opponent's entire position. What does he say? What are his reasons? Are they logical? The debater thus learns to be a critical listener and to reject mere opinions and generalizations.

Another advantage of debate is that it forces one to organize what one has to say in the most effective

and most concise manner possible. This is necessary as a result of the time limit imposed on the debate. This ability will necessarily carry over into one's daily conversation.

A debater gradually learns the secrets of effectively influencing others. He must reflect tact and diplomacy in his habits of speech if he would be an effective debater. Otherwise, he will fail in his task of engendering belief and bringing forth action. In time, a debater comes to sense just what approach he should employ in a given situation. In other words, he learns to gauge his audience and then he acts accordingly.

A participant in debating soon learns that there are many complex problems in this world and that there just are no simple answers to these problems. He comes to see that there really are two

sides to every situation. Although he may debate on only a few problems during his career, the debater gains an invaluable insight and background which will help to make him that much better a citizen.

The important thing about the skills acquired through debating is that they are skills which will remain for life. Regardless of the vocation one may choose, these skills will always stand one in good stead. Salesmen, teachers, lawyers—even scientists—all benefit from a background in debating. The stimulation which comes from having one's position challenged, the necessity to think logically and without prejudice, the ability to think under pressure are benefits which cannot be measured with a money yardstick but which are of infinite benefit.



Faucher



P O E T R Y



Drew



SHARPEVILLE

O tears for my naked country
Cry for thy children never born
Cry from the rocks—the hushed silent souls
Damn thy blood in the veldt—grass green become rusted
Damn the steel ribbing at thy black eyes
Damn the fluid spilt to water the white earth
From thy blasted heart might rise a cry
A cry for thy bastard children never born
The swiftness of a black autumn comes to rob thy blunted face
And stretch the flesh of your face to harness a sacred oxen
O tears for the naked valley
The water running dry on the rocks
O God Damn the sphinx looking to with troubled eyes
A Babylon of carnage hurled 'mid her sanded feet
Babel
Babel
Babel
The sign of contradiction skewers the people in its portals
They hang with leaded lungs and smile the last frozen laugh
The churches, cathedrals of the veldt, rise up
And fall on their backs
Dead roosters lie on the metallic glass
Clasping the white sun in their stiffened claws
They pave the road from gutter to gutter
Garlanded girls loose ticker-tape for shrouds
With olive oil of spittle they grease their corpses shining
Umfundisi
The wise and child eyes asked
Why did it come to my people
Why did the Orpheus look behind
Why the lyre lie broken
As he fell from the white cliff
Why did his furrowed brow vanish into the white foam of the sea?
Because of a broken promise
Because he looked behind
And he thus lost a nation
Because he looked behind.

Charles Faucher

HATCHET HEART

My heart is a hatchet—
 leaping out,
 looking for darkness
 in the Master's candles.
Meekness is so often passed off as vice,
 and glory built
 on dead men's bones.
In bitter shadows lurking, searching,
this heavy heart draws blood.
My heart is a heather—
 gathering beauty,
 finding in dawn
 the fullness of day,
gleaning a dark candle's beams—
 lonely beams,
 yet truly light—
unseen by hearts whose narrow scope
scans naught but somber shades.
Veil thyself, O hatchet heart—
 lashing forth,
 tearing men down
 ruining hearts!
Let no man find thee here
 breathing fire,
 forming harsh words.
Because my hatchet humor enjoys thee,
I loathe thee all the more!

Dan Drew

YOUTH

Some come running
Light of heart
Frivolous
Open mouthed
Fiery eyed
Knowing not of tangled ways.
Others fearfully approach
With shaded eyes—
Simple souls
Tight lipped
With eyes cast down;
Nor have these heard of troubled days.
Here they meet the no-eyed monster
Here darkness.
Many paths but Muddied map.
Dirt!
Distortion!
Depth!
Some men admired will sallow seem
Some sallow ones admired.
New stars will shine ahead
And old ones fall.
Confused!
Somewhere a road must angle off
With light and truth its end.
“Via
Lux
Veritas”—
But where in the world . . . ?

The social and the spiritual
Hang in the balance,
Intellect the pivot.
Parties,
Laughter,
Idle talk . . .
Where does the Light-Man draw the line?
The eyes are blind
To the beauteous shades of truth
That fall twixt simple blacks and whites.
Let's argue!
Word winds—
Never leading to truth
Unless the Light-Man's legate be at hand.
How long then, must darkness stay?
An earthquake—
A raging typhoon—
A long and gentle storm—
And then the golden sky.
Perspective!
Precision!
Proportion!
We needed not the light's whole fund
But just the rules and tools to make it.

Dan Drew

Modern Gloom And Christian Optimism

One of the most striking characteristics of contemporary philosophy is its emphasis on the individual and the concrete. This quality is a reaction to the idealism of the nineteenth century, when philosophy chiefly consisted in forming abstract, all-inclusive systems, which, paradoxically, contained no place for the individual

By Thomas Schoenbaum

person and his problems. The nineteenth century philosopher, paying the price of his aloofness, acquired the reputation of being a mere spectator of life, out of touch with the daily problems of human existence. Most people today have retained this conception of philosophers and philosophy. This is very unfortunate, for a distinguishing mark of philosophy today, with its vital concern for the individual, is a preoccupation with the problems of the average man in his daily life.

Despite this concern for individual problems, the solutions offered by many contemporary philosophers are far from satisfactory. This is reflected by the tone of our age. Pessimism and gloom characterize our time, which has been called by W. H. Audin the Age of Anxiety. This epithet is a natural consequence of the godlessness of our age. Pessimism proceeds logically from atheism. To demonstrate this let us take one of the most baffling problems of the individual man, the problem of personal suffering, and see what influential thinkers of our time have said about its solution.

Jean Paul Sartre, the French existentialist, beginning with the assumption that there is no God, states that man, therefore, is completely free; he may embark on any path he chooses and, in this way, make his own world. His achievements, however, will always fall short of his desires; this is a truism of life. Gloom, there-

fore, is a necessary part of human existence. Man's only refuge is, for Sartre, an empty kind of philanthropy.

For Bertrand Russell also, a denial of God involves an affirmation of human freedom. Thus, although suffering cannot be explained, man is free to avoid it as much as possible. Russell's ultimate solution, then, is a philosophic hedonism whose primary rule is: "avoid pain and pursue pleasure." And even if a person is equipped with this philosophy, he will not be able to entirely shut out personal suffering from his life.

The late Albert Camus also struggled with the problem of how man should deal with suffering. The fact of human suffering so impressed him that he believed that, if there is a God, he must be completely removed from human affairs. In *The Plague*, the story of a plague in Algeria during World War II, Camus considers the question of how an atheist should conduct himself in the face of suffering. This book does not put forth a positive solution to the problem of suffering, but presents the idea that human life itself is a kind of plague.

It is interesting to note that these men begin with the idea that the existence of personal suffering is incompatible with the existence of an all-good, all-powerful God. If one starts with this assumption, the world becomes very unintelligible, and it is easy to lapse into

a pessimistic view of life. For, Sartre points out, "if God does not exist there can no longer be any good *a priori*."

Gloom, then, is proper to atheism. But it should be antithetical to Christianity. Optimism is the essence of a Christian life.

Christianity has an optimistic solution to the problem of personal suffering. Furthermore, there is no need to make a leap of faith to arrive at this solution; it is very reasonable. Any Christian solution must be on a philosophic level in order to carry on any kind of dialogue with the atheist. Thus, the starting point of the Christian solution is the things that we directly experience.

A fundamental fact of our experience is that there are things which are able to be and not to be. These beings are contingent; existence is not a part of their nature. But whatever does not exist of itself needs a cause, not only at the beginning of its existence, but at every moment it continues to exist. Thus there must be a present cause of every individual act of existence. And it is clear that this cause cannot be a contingent being, but must be a necessary being—a being who cannot not exist. This being does not merely have existence, but it *is* existence. Its nature *is* to exist. Furthermore, this being will be completely perfect, since its being is not limited in any way. This conception of God coincides with that

of the Scriptures; "I am Who am." (Exod. iii, 14)

The consequences of this conception of God are rich and varied. Since God is the cause of every individual act of existence in the universe, He is present to everything, including man, in a most intimate way. Since God is all-perfect, He must have supreme intelligence. Thus, He must have a perfect knowledge of every particular being that comes within the scope of His causality. God must, therefore, be directing everything according to its own nature, and to its final end, perfection and goodness. Since the final end of man is the goodness of God Himself, God must be drawing all men to Himself.

How does one explain the existence of suffering and evil in the world? God's original plan was to draw men to Himself without the complication of suffering. Sin, however, disrupted the divine plan, and disorder was brought into God's order. Suffering is essentially the disorder brought into the universe by sin. God brought a new kind of order into the world, but this order is a source of mystery to men. God now employs a variety of incomprehensible ways of drawing men to Himself, even utilizing suffering itself.

Thus, every man is given a choice: either he can fight against his sufferings, the limitations put upon his own individual freedom, or he can accept them, recognizing that God is using them in some

myserious way for his beatitude. If a man chooses the former path, he will be led away from God to his own destruction, because he refuses to cooperate with God. If he chooses the latter, he will still suffer, but he can console himself with the fact that somehow all is happening for his benefit. Sometimes he will be able to look back on his life and see the great benefit he derived from something he thought was a great evil when it occurred; many times, however, he will not see the significance of his past sufferings. Christians, then, must possess a certain trust in God's methods, based on a knowledge of His nature. They must have humility before the source of being.

Thus, although atheists have a certain right to be pessimistic, Christians should be very optimistic about life. Why, then, is the Western world, which is essentially Christian, being dominated by pessimistic philosophy? It seems

that Christians have lost sight of the significance of their religion. They do not really live their religion; they lack a practical understanding of some of the truths of their faith. This is shown by the fact that they are letting themselves be influenced by the conclusions of those who start with a wrong idea of God.

Contemporary prophets of gloom tell man that suffering is something he should avoid as much as possible. Christians fail to realize that suffering is an essential element of Christ's teaching. To be a true Christian one must wed himself to suffering. If a man does this freely and willingly, he will perfect himself.

There is a great paradox in the problem of human suffering. Contemporary atheism maintains that the existence of suffering can be explained only if one denies the existence of God; rather, suffering can be explained only if one affirms the existence of God.



THE FIRST TIME

By

Henry Pictor

"Good-bye Mom, Dad, Carol, Jane, Johnny." I kissed my mother and my sisters with more than usual affection. Johnny said, "Don't do anything I wouldn't do." I thought to myself, "little does he know - -" But I retorted, "No sweat there. You know I'm much better than that."

It was a dreary night. There was a light rain peppering down, which made the highway somewhat slick. Swish, swish, swish went the windshield wipers. What a dismal sound, I thought to myself. I switched on the radio. Some rock and roll blared out at me. Not being a rock and roll fan, I generally tune around for something else. But tonight the noise was strangely soothing. I turned it up louder.

I wonder what she thinks of me. She probably wrote today. Maybe her letter will come tomorrow. Her opinion of me certainly can't be what it used to be. What will she say after last night? Oops, here's my turn. Almost missed it. The car skidded slightly to the left as I swung right. Say, it is a little slippery. Blasted rain. Why does it always have to rain? Better slow down a little. But as usual I bore down on the accelerator.

I never thought I was capable of what happened last night. "Not me," I used to say. "I have a good time; I get my kicks, but I'm better than that. I know what's right and what's wrong." I would tell my roommate. Why did she have to be so loving last night? She

must know I'm only human. Good God, but that was a crazy thing to do. If we hadn't been drinking, it never would have happened. Yet it seemed so natural. And it was so easy. Damn it, why didn't I stop when she said no. What will she say in her letter?

A stop light blinked red in front of me. I hit the breaks hard and stopped. Only three more little towns and I'll be back at school. There was a group of high school fellows lounging in front of a snack shop on the corner. It had stopped raining. I switched off the windshield wipers. I suddenly became aware of the radio. I turned it down a little. The light flashed green. I'll show those young punks what a real car will do. I squealed my tires as I took off. The pavement was still a little slippery.

Blasted radio. Now it's not loud enough, I thought to myself, as I jerked up the volume. Pat Boone. Yeah, she likes him. I was really a fool last night. What can I say to her when I write? I don't love her. Maybe I did at one time, but it just isn't the same now. I should have called this evening after she got home from work. I passed a big truck. Slow Joe! I'm glad I got good tires on this heap. Slippery pavements like this might slow me down otherwise. Not much traffic tonight. I got started later than I had expected. Mom never has my shirts ironed and ready to go back until the last minute. Come on buddy. Move



over. Can't you see I'm in a hurry.

Four classes tomorrow. History test next Friday. I wonder if

I could get away with using a pony. There's really nothing to it. That guy in front of me does it all the time. I would probably be so

nervous that I would give myself away. Still, there has to be a first time for everything. Yeah, a first time for everything.

Then I saw it. A flashing red light in the rear view mirror. What the hell could he want. I glanced down at the speedometer. Almost eighty. The pit fell out of the bottom of my stomach. I slowed down. Damn radio's so loud. I snapped it off, viciously. He was motioning me over now. I pulled off the road. I sat there a moment. Then I opened the door and got out. It was a state trooper all right. I tried to think of what to say as I walked toward him.

"Got your driver's license," he said. I pulled out my billfold, opened it, and handed it to him. "Take the license out of the billfold." I took it out and handed it to him. "Twenty-one, eh. You would think you would have a little sense," he said.

"What do you mean?" I blurted out.

"Speeding. And on a night like this, too."

"I wasn't speeding, officer." I tried to sound as polite as I could.

"I clocked you at seventy-five miles an hour when you came out of that town back there. What's the speed limit in this state?"

"Sixty-five miles an hour, I think." Just my luck to get a ticket now too, I thought.

"Do you think?" the trooper said. "You can get killed, driving like you were." I didn't say anything. "You a student?" he said.

"Yes," I answered meekly. "This is my last semester."

"Ever gotten a ticket before?"

Maybe he's softening, I thought. "No officer," I said.

"Well, I'll have to give you one," he said. He wrote out the ticket. "Sign here," he said. I signed. He tore the ticket out of his book and handed it to me. "You have to appear within three days before the Justice of the Peace in Middleville."

"How much will it cost," I said.

"Court charges are generally fifteen dollars. Then the minimum fine is a buck for every mile you were doing over the limit. You could get off as light as twenty-five dollars. That's cheap enough for saving your life. Maybe this fine will teach you something. Be careful, and you'll live to get that college diploma."

Another car whizzed by as he walked away. Why couldn't he have stopped him instead of me, I thought to myself.

I started the car, got back on the road, and was on my way once again. Nah, I don't want to listen to the radio, I thought, as my hand reached instinctively toward the radio dial. I looked at the speedometer — fifty-five. Better hold it down, like he said. It is a little slippery tonight.

Twenty-five bucks! I'm gonna have to take it easy for a while in order to pay that. Of all the lousy luck—getting a ticket. Why the devil did he have to be right there, just as I went by? Of course, I was

breaking the speed limit. He was only doing his job. But I don't have to pay twenty-five bucks to learn that I should slow down. I might drive fast, but never that fast. Just tonight. I guess I just wasn't paying any attention. Trying to show off in front of those high school punks. Punks, yeah, I was in high school myself not so long ago. We used to hang out at Pop's Kitchen. Of course, I didn't hang around with the fellows too much. They used to get into a lot of trouble. Trouble, hum, look at me now. Why didn't I think last night. I glanced at the speedometer—sixty. Well after all the limit's sixty-five.

I could see street lights ahead of me. I slowed down. Speed limit forty. Let's see now. The cop is always parked in the drive of that first gas station. Got to get down to the speed limit fast. Speed limit thirty. Sure enough. There he is. I wonder how many guys he stops in a night.

I stopped for the stop light in the middle of town. A souped up Ford, same year as mine, pulled up alongside me in the turn lane. He raced his motor. You could really hear it rack off. Sounds like he doesn't have any muffler at all. That cop down the street must be deaf. Three young fellows. All in the front seat. Better let him get out first. The light flicked green. Roar, and he was off. I shifted slowly as I started off. Already the Ford's two tail lights had almost narrowed into

one. He was just a speck ahead of me down the road. There's the guy that trooper should have stopped.

I was out in the country again. I could smell newly plowed ground. Spring is really here, I thought. It started to drizzle again, so I rolled up my window and switched on the windshield wipers. Let it rain. I'll be at school in fifteen minutes. I looked at my watch. Twenty minutes to one. Not many cars on the road this time of night.

I wonder what I ought to do about last night. I know; I'll write her a letter tonight yet when I get to school. Maybe I can straighten things out. I ought to go to Confession too - - - tomorrow evening after supper. I wonder how I'll say it.

Say, that guy looks like he's on my side of the road. He's coming fast too. Panic gripped me instinctively. What will I do? I recognized the Ford that had passed me at the stop light. He was coming at me right down the middle of the road, one headlight on either side of the middle line. He's playing chicken, I thought to myself, as his headlights bore down on me through my rain splattered windshield. I got as far as I could to the right on my side of the road. Don't want to go off the road here, I thought. There's a drop of almost a foot since they repaired this stretch of highway. And then, with this rain soaked ground, it would take a tow truck

to get me back on the road. I had slowed down to a mere crawl now. Why doesn't he cut over? He's entirely in my lane now. The crazy ass. It will be too late. I jerked my steering wheel as far as I could to the right. Ditch or no ditch, here I come. But I was going too slow. It was too late. I heard the screech of skidding tires. He had cut the wheel too sharply and was skidding into me. Good God, I breathed, as we met. I could feel the steering wheel compressing my chest. There was glass

in my eyes. The car was rolling, rolling. I felt a ripping in my leg. I heard an anguished scream. That couldn't have been me. I couldn't see. The pain was unbearable. Suddenly I was enveloped in flames, and then instantaneously, darkness.

I opened my eyes. My roommate was shaking me vigorously.

"What are you trying to do—wake up the whole hall with your hollering," he said. "You must have been having a really terrible dream."

Books

Reviewed

Mine Enemy Grows Older and May This House Be Safe From Tigers—Alexander King. Simon and Schuster, Inc.

Alexander King, as any member of Jack Paar's large indiscriminate television audience will testify, is a "personality" who has a flair for caustic conversation and a vocabulary which is a volatile mixture of the esoteric and the vulgar (his favorite adjectives being "ossified" and "rancid"). Paarlaying his phenomenal ggood fortune on the *Tonight* show, King has written two autobiographies, the second yapping right on the heels of the first. Now his unique conversational abilities are

a matter of permanent record, and here is something of their flavor:

On his intestines: "The doctor was showing me some X-ray photographs of my ravaged interior. The first look I had at the pictures of my kidneys was even more shocking than the first view I ever had of my profile. The blotched and speckled pelvic region seemed like a sinister lunar landscape."

By

James McCullough

On the doctor: "Dr. Raoul Vintner had become the victim of his own constant occupation and preoccupation. As I looked at him sitting behind his tooled-leather ambushade, I became convinced of it. This squat, ovoid, red-faced man, permanently submerged in his urinous misgivings and speculations, had finally himself turned into a kidney."

Elsa Maxwell: "A superannuated sadlebag."

Pat Boone: "An underdone potato pancake who has happily fallen into a puddle of warm buttermilk."

Norman Vincent Peale: "A rancid lump of peanut butter, sweating with unmotivated opti-

mism."

It should be evident that King has an aptitude for the role of professional gadfly happily buzzing some of our more vulnerable shibboleths. Evangelical religion, blatant materialism, the bureaucratic dole-givers (Wilson, Fulbright, Danforth, etc.) to mendicant students, the advertising octopus (Men of "creative stupidity" who have "made the country crotch-conscious and invented the under-arm insecurity gambit"), and Time-Life Enterprises are all rapped soundly and well.

King also has a sharp eye for the eccentric and ludicrous. He crowds his pages with all sorts of bohemian characters, and one is hard pressed not to quote at length—a single example, perhaps the funniest, will have to suffice. During an Austrian idyll, King was accosted by a wild-eyed inventor named Waldemar Schindl, who dragged King into his inner sanctum to view a gadget that would "absolutely revolutionize modern industry":

"'Here is my invention,' he said, and he took a burlap bag off something that looked like a badly made cast-iron bird cage . . .

"I leaned forward, and now I first noticed that there were about ten or twelve buttons sticking out of this contrivance of his. So I dutifully pressed the one nearest to me. The whole machine gave an enormous heave, and suddenly a long hunk of wire leaped out of it, and one crooked end of it got

caught in the fabric of my tweed overcoat. He had hooked me for sure.

"Waldemar jumped up, deeply irritated by something. 'It is wrong!' he shouted. 'It made a mistake! It needs more oiling, damn it!'

"He unhinged me, bent the wire in the opposite direction, and carefully replaced it in its slot. Then he got a quart-sized oil can and sprayed freely and indiscriminately all over his booby-trap with it.

"'All right,' he said. 'Now try again.'

"I pushed up my sleeve a little and took another wack at it. This time the hook or whatever the hell it was struck out viciously in the opposite direction and got itself snarled in a sheet of paper that I hadn't even noticed before.

"'Try the next one!' he ordered. 'Try two or three, one right after the other! Don't be afraid!'

"I did just as he told me, and each time one of those metal prongs would whip out and make a hole in that paper.

"And, then, suddenly, with a shock that nearly sent me tumbling off the barrel, I realized what that poor old chowderhead had really done here. He had—all by himself up here in this moonstruck eyrie—*re-invented the typewriter.*"

Because of the frequent sorties into satire or humor, the two books are at once disjointed and swift-paced. One is left with a

vague recollection of the author's whirlwind career as a painter, editor, illustrator, television star, playwright. A friend chided him, "I notice you're not going to spoil your book by putting yourself into it." King himself admits to mislaying a few decades somewhere. Even after two autobiographies, Alexander King is somewhat in the position of Sterne's Tristram Shandy, who lived 364 times faster than he could write.

One of King's mislaid decades was a period of drug addiction, the telling of which contrasts sharply with some contemporary morbid and commercial "confessions." King evinces compassion for some of his more pitiful fellow-suffers, but he is able to remain remarkably detached concerning his own case:

"I must say I liked morphine from the start. It performed a sort of minor miracle for me. It made me graciously tolerant of every form of human imbecility, including my own. It lifted from my mind every worry, every heartache, and every form of urgency. I never had any bodily pains, and for nine years I didn't have a single cold. Drug addiction is, in all probability, the secret cure for the common cold. Although it is a drastic cure, I can testify that it works."

On the reverse side of the coin, there is evidence that King, even if he settled down to one vocation, could not do much to help fill the contemporary intellectual and aes-

thetic vacuum he abominates. From his own synopses, his plays would appear to be witty yet shallow, and although he includes some rather biting satirical cartoons in the second book, King is himself responsible for the hideous jacket of *Mine Enemy Grows Older*, one that would make Norman Rockwell's dribble look good.

Furthermore, King philosophically is in the warmed-over deist position, wondering why the great watchmaker of the universe should be made responsible for the banana peel one slips on while walking to the grocery store. Life, in all its comic and tragic ramifications, King envisions himself reacting to with an inward smile that is a legacy of his Austrian birth.

Finally, King's sexual mores are a bit warped. As proof of his good intentions, he states that he never stayed married less than five years to anybody, and that he hardly ever committed adultery with a girl he didn't later marry. Once on the *Tonight* show King was present while Jack Paar interviewed a motivation researcher who was promoting the latest fad for teen-agers (something like matching nose-rings). King was quite justifiably peeved at the ad-man for foisting his junk on the gullible teenage public, but was completely at a loss for words (probably for the first time in his life) at the ad-man's rebuttal: "I market 'em, you marry 'em, Mr. King."

COVER

Education is a process by which man completes himself. The self does it: each man must be his own agent. College life but offers what help it can toward this self realization.